

Title: Ch. 2: Fire and Water

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I found myself to be an Admiral now, lacking a fleet. Having spent some time away from the sea, I decided it would be best to hire on as an escort on another's ship until I had my "sea legs" back.

Lanavar had said he would provide ships, but it was up to me to provide the crews.

I was also painfully aware that my own skills were not what they should be, so I set out to first improve myself a bit, for I ask no one to do anything I am unwilling to do myself.

In the port of Nujel'm I signed on as an escort for a young fisherwoman. She was working the seas, she said, in search of wondrous creatures to fill her aquarium at home. I myself have an aquarium; since my own humble home is not as near the sea as I would like, I bring a Part of the sea with me. Fishing at sea is a dangerous endeavor, for oft one would find your nets filled not with fish, but with the more fearsome denizens of the deep.

As two kraken and a sea serpent surfaced, I summoned a Fire elemental from the ether, and ordered it into the fray. With help from Mistress Monica's arrows,

the first kraken quickly fell. I ordered the Elemental to attack the second beast, and within seconds a searing pain enveloped me, and I found myself staring down at my own body. The quick ministrations of Monica kept me from leaving this world behind forever, and as I lay there recovering, the elemental dissolved back into the ether from whence it came.

"Your Pardon, M'Lord," Monica asked coyly, "but is it not you who are here to protect me, and not the other way around?" Most odd about my downfall was that it did not come from the Kraken, but rather from my own summoned beast! Confused about this, I sought the advice of a sage soul I knew: a Mystic named Talis Eraphen.

I am a man of the world, friends, but that is this world, and not the ones that lie beyond. Some of you may know more of those Mythical beings known as Mystics, and perhaps even the Time Lord, whom Talis claims as his sire. I know little of such arcane myth, and know not whether his claims are true or the product of a madman's delusions. I will say this: I have seen him eliminate 5 highly skilled warriors single handed, and he is one of the wisest and most loyal souls I know. There are few men I trust more in this world.

"An intriguing dilemma, young seafarer," he said after I related my tale. "I must consult with others, and consider."

With that he turned his attention away from me, muttering to himself of Fire and Water, Ether and the sea.

I departed then, and wandered a bit, Testing my magical abilities. A handful of times, The fire elemental I would summon did indeed turn on me, and I was able to learn nothing by myself. I returned to Talis to see if he had reached a conclusion. After some time lost in contemplation, Talis agreed to accompany me on a second expedition to the sea, even providing nets for Monica. So, Monica, Talis, myself and another trusted sailor whom I know, Santa Saints, set out again upon the sea. We fought a few Beasts from the deep, and sucessfully caught many fish for our aquarii, and those elementals I summoned behaved themselves.

Talis then yielded to me the results of his study of my dilemma.

"You lack focus, seafarer," Talis told me. "These beasts, though sentient, are limited in intelligence. It is your will that guides their hands. You must strive to harden your will..." he smiled an odd little inward smile, "...to a will of Iron." And with that he departed. I once again renewed my resolve to strengthen my studies, and keep some humility as to my limits...